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A Warning to Drunkards

BY

The Sad and Suddain DEATH

OF

John Woolman,

OF

SARRET, in the County of *Hartford.*

With

A LETTER of *Exhortation* written to the People on that sorrowful Occasion.

By WILLIAM JOLE, Minister of *Sarret.*

LONDON,

Printed for *N. P.* and Sold by *Rich. Janua,* in *Queens-Head Court,* in *Pater-Noster Row,* 1680.

A

Warning to Balaam's Ass

BY

The Sad and Sudden DEATH

OF

John Wycombe,

OF

SARRET, in the County of Hertford

WITH

A LETTER of Reflexion written to the People on that Sorrowful Occasion.

By WILLIAM JOLL, Minister of Sarret.

LONDON,

Printed for N. T. and Sold by Rich. James, in Queens-Head Court, in Pat.-Noster Row, 1680.

A Short Narrative of the manner of his Death.

John Woolman Son of *John Woolman* of *Sarret*, was by Trade a *Taylor*, a young Man of a very Intemperate Life, as ſome know that have kept his Company (Oh that all ſuch may be allarmed by his fatal End to amend their Lives) *Monday October* the *Eleventh*, he was at a Houſe near *Sarret*, called *Michlefield-Green*, where being too eager of Strong-drink, what he had before he came thither, and what he added to his Load there, grew too much for his Brain, It ſeems he told them, *He would go upon the Barley-Mow to ſleep*, and being by ſome diſſwaded (in regard it was a high Mow) poſſibly this might make his whimſical Brain the more reſolute to climb up, for when the Brain is turned with drink impoſſible things ſeem eaſie to ſuch a Man, and a drunken Man will venture on that which a ſober Man is afraid to look at. Up he did climb, and is ſuppoſed to ſleep there all Night, but the next Morning was found ſtone dead upon the Flower, his Hat remained on the top of the *Barley-Mow*; How he fell down is unknown, becauſe no body was in the Barn when he Fell: It was a Clay Flower, where his Head pitched on a Peble-ſtone, which brake a hole in his Skul, and let out much Blood and Water.

The Letter to the People.

Loving Neighbours,

SOlomon *saith*, That a word fitly spoken, is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver, *Prov.* 25. 11. *That is to say, it hath all that may Invite our Attention. Surely then it is a fit time to speak to the Ear, when God, by any dreadful Judgement doth speak to the Eye. Although my Mouth is stopped at present, and I am denied to Speak unto you in the Pulpit, yet no Law can hinder me from Writing unto you; and the End of my Writing at this time is to exhort you to hear God, now loudly speaking unto every one of us by the dismal Judgment upon* John Woolman, *calling on every one of us to Repent and Turn from our sinful Courses, and more particularly calling upon every* Drunkard *to forsake his* Drunkenness, *beholding the Woful Effects of that Sin in this sad Example. It will not become a* Minister *to Aggravate the Faults of the Dead, my desire is to press upon the Living to lay his woful End to heart.*

Would you not have the Judgments of God to Cut you off in your Sins, and to stop your Breath, before you have time to ask Pardon? then be Exhorted and Perswaded to Repent, to day while it is called to day, and do not harden your Hearts any longer against such Warnings as this. *We say*, It is best striking while the Iron's hot, *Therefore admit this* Word of Exhortation *while there is some Warmth remaining upon your Souls, by that which you have seen or heard of the sudden Death of this poor Wretch*; Happy and wise are those who take Warning by other Mens Harms. *Let me desire you to Read frequently those words*, Proverbs 29. 1. He that being often Reproved, hardeneth his Neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without

out Remedy. *Mayer, on those words saith,* For all sins there is forgiveness, but for hardness of Heart and Neck, there is none; *and therefore, such cannot escape Destruction. And then a Man is judged to be thus* Hardned, *when being often* Reproved, *he relenteth not, but goeth on obstinately still in his Sins. Hear this, all ye* Swearers, *and* Drunkards *of* Sarret; *and though it is not a seemly thing to name Persons, and say, you* John, *or you* Thomas, *or you* Richard; *yet, I beseech the Lord, to set it home on every Soul particularly, both mine and yours, throughout the Parish, and let those* Drunkards, *who are so busy to erect a New* Alehouse *in the Town, take notice, how God threatneth such doings, and let them desist from their* Enterprize, *lest God mark them out to be the next* Examples *of* his Wrath.

They sufficiently tell the World, what they are that thrust out their Minister, *and endeavour to set up another* Alehouse.

God has set me as your Watchman, *Ezek.* 33. 7, 8, 9. *Turn to it, and read it your selves. Therefore, that I may* free my own Soul, *and* that the Blood of impenitent Sinners may not be required at my hands, *have I written this* Letter, *to be read in your hearing.*

Doth not God say to the wicked Drunkard, Thou shalt surely die, *when he shews him a* Drunkard *struck dead suddenly? I beseech you therefore all my Christian Neighbours, take these following Considerations home to your Hearts, to make you hate* Drunkenness.

First, *Consider what a Brutish, Beastly kind of Sin* Drunkenness is; *and there is no Beast, that I ever read of, that will drink to be* drunk, *but the* Swine, *to which a* Drunkard *is most like; a* Drunkard *makes his* Belly *like a* Hogshead, *to be filled with* Strong-Drink, *his* Throat *is the* Tunnel *to let it down; until, by overbriming his* Vessel, *he force it to run out at his Mouth again; if once the strong Liquor begin to work in his* Guts, *it flies up to his* Brain, *and quickly drowns the* Reason, *and* robs *him of all that should bespeak him a* Man, *and leaves a* Swine *in his Room, you cannot say, that now he* utters, *but* mutters *his* words,

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his Tongue *greatly labouring to* speak, *but being* drowned *under* Water, *is not able to bring forth any sensible* Words, *you may discover an* Ape *in every Posture of him, and he goes,* Like what? *no* Comparison *can be* vile enough, *unless you will say,* That he goes like himself, *or like another* Drunkard.

Secondly, *Consider what* heinous Aggravations *this Sin admits of*; *As,*

First, *The* misspending *that* precious Time *in* bad Company, *and* Tippling-Houses, *which he ought to* redeem, *to* work out his Salvation; *a* Saint *may be distinguished from a* Sinner by this Character, *as well as others. The* Saint *is desirous to* redeem Time, *the* Sinners *great Study is,* how to drive away Time; *the* Saint *spends his time in* Duty *and* Lawfull Busyness, *the* Sinner *misspends his time in* drinking *and* unlawful Sports; *so that a* Drunkard *wilfully throws away his* precious Time, *as if it were a* Burthen *to him, and seeks for* Damnation *in that* Time *which is allotted him to seek for* Salvation; *and how inexcusable is that* Sinner *that will not be saved.*

Secondly, *Consider how one* Drunkard *makes many more Partakers of his Sin.* Drunkenness *is a* sociable Vice, *and the* Drunkard *calls himself* a Good Fellow. *It is very rare, that a Man should drink himself* drunk *alone; love of the* Company *makes many* drunk, *who say they do not love* Drink. *And the* Devil *hath found a rare* Expedient *to help forward this* Sin, *by* Drinking of Healths. *If any one begin a* Health, *it is now reckoned a great Piece of* Rudeness, *not to stay to pledge it; yes, and not to drink all that is filled unto you; the* Healths *forsooth, must go round by any means. If the Devills in Hell be capable of* Laughing, *surely this might make them* Laugh, *to see how eagerly* Drunkards *are working out their own* Damnation, *and by this* Stratagem, drinking away *the* Health *of* Soul *and* Body *both, and pulling many others into* Hell *with them by this* Diabolical Stratagem.

Thirdly, *Consider what a* wasting Sin Drunkenness is? *the* Drunkard *consumes that* Money *on his* Vice, *which should main-*

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ruin his Family, *and how many good* Estates *have been wasted by this Sin? How many have drunk* Ale *so long, until they have been forced to sell* Ale *for a* Livelyhood?

The Drunkard *powres it in by* whole Flagons, *while his* Wife *and* Children *would be glad of a* Draught *of* Small Beer *to* quench *their* Thirst, *so he* Feeds *his* Sin, *by that which should* relieve *his* Family.

Fourthly, *Consider that this* Sin *of* Drunkenness *exposeth to every* Sin, *I have formerly told you a remarkable Story, which I read in a Book called* (Tragica) Page 117. *in* Latine, *he begins thus*: Quidam cum Pietate sedulo studerot, assiduis Diaboli Tentationibus infestabatur, suadentis ut ex tribus Peccatis unum quod perpetraret sibi eligeret, &c. *which I thus English, A certain Man very studious of Piety, was daily infested by the Temptations of the Devil, to choose which of these three Sins he would commit, either to be once* drunk, *or* to defile his Neighbours Wife once, *or* to commit Murther (victus tandem consensit in Primum Peccatum *says my Author*) *at last being overcome, he yielded to be* drunk, *because he judged that to be the* lest Sin *of the three, but in his* Drink *he* defiled his Neighbours Wife, *who coming in, and seeking to Revenge the Injury, him he murthered, and so was by his* Drunkenness *guilty of all the three* Sins.

Fifthly, *Consider* Drunkenness *is a* Heathenish Sin; Bacchus *was a heathen God; what doth the* Drunkard, *but sacrifice his* Estate *and* Time *to* Bacchus?

Sixthly, *Consider how* Drunkenness *incapacitates a Man for all* Duties, *and for all* Cevil Actions; Brawling, *and* Quarrelling, *and* Fighting, *and often* Murder, *have been the Woful Fruits of* Drunkenness.

Lastly, *Consider how often the Lord doth punish some* Drunkards *with* sudden Death, *to warn others; how many have fallen into the* Water, *and have been drowned? some have tumbled down* Stairs (*as I knew one in* London *came in* Drunk, *and instead of going* up Stairs, *fell down into his* Cellar, *and never*

spake

spake more. Others falling from their Horses, *have broke their Necks; and how this poor* Sinner *perished, you all know better perhaps than I can tell you.*

Let me close up this Exhortation *with these Words*, Psal. 50. 22. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

I hope you will take this kindly from your poor Sequestred Minister, *who still lookes on you as his* Charge, *and earnestly desireth your* Salvation; *if the Lord be pleased to set home this* Dispensation *upon your* Consciences, *it may do you more good than many* Sermons; *and how happy shall I be if his Grace make use of my poor Endeavours by this* Letter *to make such an Impression upon you, that may stick and abide, and not wear out again.* Amen, *Good Lord*, So let it be, *on* Me *and all my* Flock. *Amen, Amen.*

From my Study, *October* the 13*th*. 1680.

FINIS.